

# THE POLISH REVIEW

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VOLPE STUDIOS

*"It is the grave duty of the individual citizen unceasingly to press upon his chosen representatives in all branches of government the folly of political opportunism and the wisdom of fearlessness based on moral integrity."*

—ARTHUR BLISS LANE

United States Ambassador to Poland (1944-1947)

Author of "I SAW POLAND BETRAYED. An American Ambassador reports to the American people."  
(The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)



# NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE POLISH CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT

In accord with traditional New Year's Day custom the constitutional President of Poland, August Zaleski, received calls from various members of that government and of Polish groups. From three speeches delivered on that occasion the following extracts are taken. The first is from that of General Bor-Komorowski, premier in the London government.

**F**OR THE Polish people, both in Poland and abroad, all of last year was a great test of strength of the spirit. There is no place now for the illusion that the oppression in Poland, designed to effect systematic sovietization, can be relieved through mutual agreements or through legal opposition. Today we see that those who advocated such a policy have been compelled to withdraw from the field by the course of events. Events have made clear to the world the correctness of the political stand which has been steadfastly maintained by the (exile) Government of the Republic. The vast Soviet plan of bringing under its control not only Europe but the world leads inevitably to an ever greater subjection of the conquered nations, until in the end their national and cultural character is destroyed. The resistance of the Polish nation is being completely crushed. The prisons in Poland are full of peasants, working people, intelligentsia, clergy, youth—persons loyal to Poland and Freedom, representatives of all classes of society, who are unwilling to debase themselves and be false to their convictions.

"Sentences of death, pronounced by military courts and secret police courts, the very travesty of justice, are carried out. Sovietization embraces not only the social and economic life of city and country but reaches for the very soul of the nation. It includes the school system, from top to bottom, and is preparing to strike at the Church and the family.

"In these circumstances it is clear to all that the center of gravity in the struggle for the restoration of freedom, territorial integrity, and independence of Poland is in that community not under Soviet domination and which enjoys the freedom of the democratic civilized peoples of the West. Likewise there is no doubt that the Poles gathered around the legitimate authorities of the Republic are the center of the political struggle, and that on them, closely following the opinion of the people in Poland, has fallen the obligation of acting in the name of the entire nation, which in the Motherland is now bound and gagged."

General Wladyslaw Anders, speaking for the Polish army, said in part:

"First of all, let me say, we have never ceased to feel that we are a part of our heroic nation. We are deeply convinced that we fulfilled our soldierly duty. We fought with complete dedication to the cause; we made our offering of toil and blood. We understand well that no nation which wants to live can avoid battle. But we also know that no nation has shown or shows such a degree of vitality as ours, despite the suffering and sacrifices that without respite it has endured and endures. We fight, for we believe in the justice of our cause. No matter that our nation is now in servitude and we, its loyal soldiers, are without arms. We have faith, and therefore we are strong. That faith sustained the spirit of the nation, that faith carried us through prisons and concentration camps, whether German or Bolshevik.

"Today that faith must sustain us morally and spiritually. People talk about a crisis in confidence, a crisis in faith. True, there are crises everywhere, all over the world. We had a crisis in Poland after losing in the struggle in September 1939, when the Germans and the Bolsheviks poured over our country. Later there was a crisis after the fall of France. And now we are passing through a crisis that does not result from lost battles but from a world political crisis. That certainly is not the fault of us Poles, and we are not the only victims.

"I know that the Polish soldiers with their unfailing healthy instinct always are able to distinguish truth from lies. The soldier knows that Poland without its Eastern lands, of which Lwow and Wilno are the symbol, will not be free and independent. The Polish soldier has lived through much and he sees clearly that Bolshevism, or what we call Communism, is the mortal enemy of Faith, Justice and Freedom. To point that out to the world is exactly our task. Very grave harm is done by those among us who would capitulate, who whine about friendship with Moscow, leading world opinion into thinking mistakenly that such friendship is possible.

"There are today two powers," continued General Anders, referring to recent political events, "whose friction will decide for long years to come whether the world will be ruled from the Kremlin or saved from that fate. And everyone will be compelled to stand on one or the other side in this struggle.

"Our people, and especially those of us abroad, know where our place is, yet we should understand that in this terrible conflict it will be decided whether or not man is to become a slave, whether or not Western culture and civilization is to disappear forever, whether or not freedom and justice and God are to be banished from the earth, as God has been exiled or driven out of territories ruled by the Soviets. . . .

"For that decisive hour we must be ready. I believe that we will be ready when all of us accept the slogan that lighted our way after our release from prison and camp—'We lay aside all that divides us, and take all that unites us.'"

At the close of the New Year's reception President Zaleski himself

spoke, thanking those present for their good wishes and replying to the speakers. "We are unwavering in our belief," he said, "that despite all the difficulties and persecution which continue without intermission, the Polish nation will remain loyal to the Faith and the Motherland and await the hour of its liberation. We draw strength from the spirit of the people in Poland, and we abroad are able to hold out in this bitter struggle, because of our belief that in our work for Poland we contribute in the measure of our strength and ability to the restoration of Poland's independence. An indispensable condition, however, for the success of our labor is the fullest possible cooperation of all efforts in one harmonious whole.

"I understand the difficulties in the way of such unity. They have various origins: difference of political and social convictions, in understanding of the international situation, the impossibility of knowing the political strength held in subjection in Poland, and finally—in the case of certain people—too great confidence in their own strength, which leads them to believe that they alone are able to assume responsibility for the future of Poland. It is my conviction that all these difficulties can be disposed of. Only it is necessary to understand that in the unusually difficult situation of Poland, all these matters—although important in themselves—under such circumstances as the present have little significance when compared with the immensity of the main task, which is the regaining of Freedom, Territorial Integrity, and Independence of the Motherland.

"If, however, there are among us those who do not aim at such a goal or do not aim at it sincerely, doubtful of the justice of our cause; or who act under foreign influence, although unconsciously, with readiness to concessions and compromises; or possibly with a thought of private interests—in such case there should be no place for people of this sort in the Polish policy-forming body.

"We shall defend the purity of the idea of Independence and the sacred rights of our Motherland with all the forces at our command, without such people, in the conviction that great objectives are never attained by small-souled men. However, for those who feel to the full the weight of the obligation resting upon them, and who desire to fulfill and will fulfill that obligation, participation in political work is not only possible but desired."

In his greetings to Poles both at home and abroad, President Zaleski said:

"Developments in the international situation give hope of the fulfillment of these wishes. These developments show conclusively that world peace cannot be established on wrongs done the weaker by the strong; and that it cannot be established on the idea of cooperation of the Christian and democratic world with a totalitarian-Communist world. We base our hope for a better future for Poland and the world on the victory of Christian and democratic ideals and our faith in the social progress of humanity."

## THE POLISH REVIEW

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# DIRTY WORK IN MOSCOW

THE MILLS of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small—that is an adage to which the attention of Joseph Stalin should be directed. That the grinding in his case is in progress is evidenced by our State Department's recent publication of a volume of Nazi-Soviet documents pertaining to relations between the two governments during the years 1939-1941. In this volume the two arch-criminals of all time themselves supply the evidence that convicts them. Since the gods have finished with Hitler, our concern now is only with the blacker of the two criminals—Stalin.

That the documents reproduced are genuine is beyond question. To quote the New York Times' responsible political commentator, Arthur Krock, "... the treaties and protocols, which are the heart of the revelations, were acquired by this government in both the German and Russian texts, certified by signatories on both sides ... These papers include the five protocols which Molotov sent to the German Ambassador in Moscow for transmission to Berlin as conditions on which the Soviet Government would join the Axis by solemn compact. And they also include the secret annex to the treaty of 1939 in which the Kremlin consigned Poland to destruction, later cheating on the deal to accomplish that."

These diplomatic papers trace the cooperation of Stalin and Hitler from the beginning to the final rupture, and in so doing they make clear that it was Stalin, not Hitler, who sought the alliance; that as time passed and relations between Germany and Moscow worsened, Stalin removed Molotov as Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and took the post himself, determined to preserve the alliance.

The Germans were surprised by the Russian approach and suspicious of Stalin's motives, as is witnessed by Weizsaecker's Foreign Office report of April 17, 1939, after the Russian Ambassador's call upon him, putting out Moscow's feelers on the possibility of better Russian-German relations, which "might become better and better." Berlin feared a Russian trap that would help the British and French, and they proceeded warily. But when they were convinced that Stalin actually wanted to ally himself with Hitler, in true German style they pushed for the completion of the agreements which would make possible their planned attack on Poland, while Stalin played for concessions in his favor. For Stalin knew that Hitler dared not begin a war that would bring in England and France until he was guaranteed security in the East. Speaking plainly, not until Stalin gave the green light could Hitler attack Poland. Hence the second notable point is this—Stalin, not Hitler was, in the last analysis, responsible for the outbreak of World War II, though Hitler's guilt is in no wise diminished by that fact.

It is clear that Stalin, initiating negotiations with Hitler in April 1939, never intended to sign agreements with Britain and France, though he continued conversations with them until he humiliated them by the publication of his accord with Hitler in August. This enabled him to play one "capitalist" state against another, with the hope that he could keep Russia out of the war. All through these German-Soviet communications Stalin's determination to keep out of the fighting is noticeable. But he was quite willing to make secret agreements by which "the Soviet Union will supply raw materials to Germany" and which provide that "the German-Soviet exchange of goods will again reach the highest volume attained in the past."

Readers are now familiar with the text of the despicable Secret Protocol of Aug. 23, 1939, and of the German-Soviet Boundary and Friendship Treaty, Confidential Protocol, and Secret Supplementary Protocols of Sept.

28, of the same year. These disclose that the two aspirants for world power had completed plans for a division and sharing of the territories lying between them before Hitler ever struck Poland. But only from the diplomatic correspondence between Moscow and Berlin at this period can it be seen that the criminal demanding the extinction of Poland is Stalin—the same Stalin who later hypocritically said that Poland must exist as a free and independent state and who, it is expected, in the not too distant future will require his puppets in satellite Poland to "request" incorporation of that unhappy land in the Soviet Union.

During the drafting of the Soviet-German agreements the Germans complain of Stalin's cunning efforts to include provisions favorable to him and unfavorable to them. And immediately after the signing of the revised accords on September 28, 1939, the thieves begin to fall out, the Germans charging the Russians with disregarding the boundary lines. Stalin craftily moves now here, now there to bring more territory under his control—the Baltic States, Bessarabia, the Bukovina. The Germans charge him with "bolshevizing" all he acquires, and say that is contrary to the solemn accords. Relations steadily deteriorate, until on Dec. 8, 1940 Hitler issues detailed Directive No. 21, known as Operation Barbarossa, which begins, "*The German Armed Forces must be prepared to crush Soviet Russia in a quick campaign even before the conclusion of the war against England.*" From conversations, carefully prepared in Berlin, which the German Ambassador in Moscow conducted during the months following with Molotov, any seasoned statesman should have known that Hitler was preparing to invade Russia. Moscow knew of Hitler's troop concentrations in areas bordering on Russia. Warnings from the West, even, went to Stalin. German accusations of bad faith were heaping up. But Stalin, knowing the extent of treachery on his own as on the other side, still believed he could preserve the thieves-and-murderers' alliance, and was taken by surprise when his erstwhile partner turned on him June 22, 1941, and sent German armies across the boundary of the partners' own fixing.

The published negotiations need no comment. They are the bare, factual, sordid record of the scheming and acts of two men who had abandoned what are generally recognized as human characteristics, each ready to double-cross the other in his ambition to make himself master of the world. Of the two, Stalin stands out as the more skilful, dangerous, crafty evildoer. He is a criminal on a scale hitherto unknown; and he is still "at large," steadily adding to the areas under his control, steadily increasing his slave population.

During the years when Americans who knew the Moscow policy were compelled to keep silent, untold thousands of respectable people in this country, fed on a mass of Bolshevik propaganda and the talk of Communists and fellow-travellers, were led to believe that Moscow's demands were legitimate, that we should, for example, leave Eastern Europe in the "Russian sphere." They therefore gave their approval to Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam.

Putting aside the wholly immoral nature of these deals, the revelations of the documents should convince the most hesitant that no agreement made with Moscow is worth the paper it is written on; that Moscow will either totally disregard the terms of agreements or turn them to its own advantage; that this ambitious, cynical, cold-blooded, lying, double-dealing gang is out to get the world; and that the first step in stopping them is repudiation of the agreements which the American Government naively signed with Russia, and announcement of that repudiation to the entire world.



# Subjugation of Poland

## Spread of Soviet Aggression Held Aided by Our Policy of Inaction

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

**I**N ITS editorial of Dec. 29 on the current Polish terror The New York Times has rightly raised the entire question of the guarantees of Polish freedom made by the United States and the other Allies. Pertinently, your editorial asks what the Western democracies are going to do about it.

Long ago it was evident what the Western democracies, and specifically our own country, should do. No record is more shameless than the betrayal of Poland, and the United States has too long stood silent in the councils of the United Nations as the Soviet dictatorship ruthlessly violated all the pledges made the Polish people.

What the United States delegation to the United Nations should have done, and still should do, is to rise on the floor of that body and move for the expulsion from the society of decent nations of the gangster regime which rules Poland. Our failure to do this up to date has been a moral failure on our part, bred of appeasement. It is precisely because such a stand was not taken in the past that the world is today farther from peace than ever before, as Pope Pius XII declared in his Christmas message.

If we are unable at this hour, when America is so strong, to speak out effectively for the freedom of the Polish people, then how can we hope to defend our own nation in the future when Soviet aggression, armed with the atom bomb and control of European resources from this very Polish policy, will assail us directly?

Poland has been and is the test of whether appeasement is ended. Because our official silence in the United Nations greeted the pillage of Poland by the Soviet dictators, the subjugation of Hungary followed, despite the 90 per cent vote by its people against all Soviet ideas and associations. The terror unloosed on Rumania and Bulgaria was given speed by virtue of our do-nothing Polish policy, and the Soviet Quislings were permitted to consolidate their forces in the subjugated areas under the so-called Cominform — preparatory to assaults upon Greece and a thrust across Europe. This consolidation, the Soviet Quislings state specifically, is aimed at the ending of "American imperialism."

The United Nations is supposedly created to snuff out the embers of possible world war. It was on some such an argument that Franco Spain was denied admittance to that body. The seeds of World War III are being planted precisely in the subjugated countries, centered around Poland. As soon as the current terror has destroyed the hope of the people in America and its pledges, then conscript armies will be trained to attack all freedom-loving countries, including the United States.

Each issue of the "New Times," the name in disguise of the Communist International magazine, has breathed that spirit and that threat since 1946. It is the solemn duty of the United States, in the United Nations, to raise this issue sharply. That is the sole way to prepare for the halting of World War III. It may well be asked, Where is America's conscience in this matter?

LOUIS FRANCIS BUDENZ.

Tuckahoe, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1947.

Letter to the Editor of The New York Times by L. F. Budenz, Professor at Fordham University, New York, N. Y., published by The New York Times on January 15, 1948.

# Justice for Poland

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Jr.

*Passages from an address on the "Justice for Poland" WSPR (Springfield, Mass.) radio program by Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., who, elected to the Senate in 1936, left that body to join the U. S. Army. He saw active service in Libya, Italy, France, and Germany.*

**I**T WAS my unforgettable privilege to serve alongside of the Polish troops in Italy in 1944. We were together in the Fifth Army. I was present at one of the early attacks on Monte Cassino in March 1944 . . . an attack which failed in spite of seven hours of continuous air bombardment and artillery barrage. Monte Cassino, as you know, controlled the whole Liri River Valley and the approach to Rome. Many had tried to reduce it, but none had succeeded. But the Polish troops captured it, opened the road to Rome and changed the course of Allied Battle in Italy.

I was present in Rome on a sunny August morning in the beautiful Piazzia Venezia when the American General Devers decorated that gallant and dynamic Soldier, General Wladislaw Anders with the order of commander of the Legion of Merit. Much later in 1945, on a wintry day in eastern France, I saw General Anders decorate General Devers with the Polish War Cross . . . the order of Virtuti Militari, with its blue and black ribbon. During the long evening with General Anders we talked about his troops.

These things have given me a close personal interest in Poland, which I know is shared by many Americans who have not had a personal contact with Polish people. For every American, after all, knows about Kosciuszko and his contribution to American independence and we all appreciate what Americans of Polish descent have brought to the development of our common country. We therefore support the stated official American policy . . . and I quote . . . whereby "The United States refuses to recognize any government imposed upon any nation by the force of any foreign power and whereby we approve no territorial changes unless they accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned."

We support that policy . . . yes. We do more. We are disturbed about the future of Poland because it involves the future of every nation. The cause of Poland is the cause of world peace. For that reason and because of its performance as our gallant ally it evokes the complete sympathy of the American people.

At Yalta we joined in underwriting a guarantee of free elections. At Postdam we joined in a guarantee of free ballots in those free elections, meaning that all democratic parties are to be admitted to the ballot in the free election. That is the Potsdam agreement as I read it. It seems to me a minimum of our obligation to our Polish allies.

. . . Today we hear serious and tragic rumors about what is happening in Poland. American policy must, of course, be based on solid fact. I want my country to proceed vigorously with its announced policy. I don't want it to say things which it doesn't mean. I don't want it to be, as one high American official put it, "not unduly exacting about Poland." I want it to be very exacting, indeed about any principle for which it stands. I want it to do more than pass resolutions and utter pious words. They accomplish very little. I want my government to use its strong bargaining position . . . and there is no stronger one in the world today . . . to implement its policies toward Poland and toward all the world. If peace is to exist there must be justice. There can be no justice if we do not keep our promises in word and in deed.



# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF 1947\*

**M**UCH has changed for the better in international affairs. The West has begun to understand the danger from the Soviet Union. The illusion of unity among the powers is no longer cherished. The year 1946 closed with rejoicing over the Italian treaty and the Trieste compromise; 1947 ended with the breakdown of the Foreign Ministers' Conference.

Yes, progress, but too slow. And we have no time to lose! Eastern Europe is being sovietized while the West's eyes are opening. The cream of Eastern Europe's people are being exterminated. What does it matter if the West is beginning to understand if Moscow can go unhindered in its murdering?

The West is being organized into a bloc that should be powerful enough to force the Soviets out of Europe. That's progress; hitherto there has been only one bloc—the Soviet. Every Western state hoped to play the role of mediator between a great power plotting to destroy it and another anxious to help it to security. There's less of that talk now. Backed by America, Western Europe is organizing.

Marshall Plan supporters believe that two worlds can exist together; that a West, become economically strong and rejecting Communism, can reach an understanding with Russia, which will realize that it must accept "containment." As if Western Europe could be separated from Eastern Europe; as if Moscow depended only upon economic chaos, hunger, and poverty to further its plans!

Russia has been stopped at the Lubeck-Trieste line despite its every endeavor to expand farther.

Last year Russia had to back out of Azerbaijan. This year it has considerably enlarged its hold on China and may any day control Manchuria—on which hangs the fate of China.

The United States cannot help everywhere at once, Europe first, then China, as Secretary Marshall has said.

The Marshall Plan leaves the initiative in Moscow's hands. And Moscow will not wait. It can choose where it will attack, and America will hurry with aid to one country after another. It will have to help China. The defender can't be strong everywhere, while the attacker can concentrate at points favorable to himself. Until the Americans understand that, their help will be poured into a bottomless barrel.

But the economic situation in the West has made improvement. British steel and coal production is breaking records—and that has its effect on all Western lands. In France and Italy the Communist influence is weaker. French labor's changing attitude is of immense importance.

But what a price has been paid for that change! Losses resulting from strikes are equal to the American emergency help.

The result is, however, significant. There are now no

Communists in the French Government, and France can line up with the West.

Moscow has never tried to take over France. It knows that it can control only those countries where it has its armies. It is not yet ready to send those armies into France. That would mean war. So it is content with a strong fifth column that keeps things in ferment and is ready for instant action.

The Marshall Plan will cramp Moscow's activities very decidedly.

But will that Plan actually go into operation? American opposition is strong. Americans fear it would send living costs soaring still higher. And 1948 is election year in America.

There may be cuts in the appropriations but aid will certainly be given.

How naive to think that peace can be bought with \$17,000,000,000! If Marshall's Plan is put into effect, Molotov's will be too. The Eastern bloc will become a powerful military organization. We have news every week of fresh alliances and accords. There is talk of a Balkan Federation, or a federation of the entire group of satellites. In reality they, with the USSR, are already a federation of 300,000,000 people. Now they are trying to get Greece. After which, Turkey will go, and the Russians will menace Palestine and the Suez Canal. . . .

Greece won't fall. The Communist bands can't win a place where a "capital" can be established. If Russia's satellites help, war might result. And as you have yourself said, Russia retreats when her advance means war.

Stalin is more shrewd than Hitler, but even so he may take a chance once too often. He counts on Western disunity to help him.

But Western solidarity grows increasingly stronger, though of necessity unity through good will comes more slowly than through compulsion. And here's this—Moscow can't count on the loyalty either of its stooges or its satellite armies in case of conflict with the West. But the West can depend upon its allies and armies.

All very true. But I repeat—time flies. We have known ever since 1945 that we have only a few years to create a world state and save the world from atom bomb war. Once Russia has the atom bomb it will be impossible to save the world. Yet we have got nowhere. Instead of the ballyhooed "one world" all the talk now is of two worlds existing side by side. How long will it be before the Russians have that bomb?

Not in the year 1948 and let's hope not in the next. So there's a little more time, and we must hope it will be used to better advantage than heretofore. There is a much better understanding both of the problem and the danger than there was in 1947; and that is of tremendous importance.

Condensed from a dialogue, "The Optimist and the Pessimist," in *Dziennik Polski* (London) by Aleksander Bregman.



# RUSSIA IN 1839

AS THE MARQUIS DE

By PAUL

CUSTINE SAW IT

SUPER

## I

“THE more it changes, the more it is the same thing.”

How beautifully that famous French saying fits the Russia of today under Bolshevism and the Russia of the Czars!

A splendid illustration *in extenso* is the Marquis de Custine's book of 1843, "Russia in 1839," the English translation of which was published in London in 1854. It is from that edition that I shall make these extraordinary quotations, strung together by a minimum of comment.

The Marquis de Custine, a rich French aristocrat of ancient lineage, went to Russia in 1838, when he was 49 years old, to take a look at that exotic land. The Marquis was already an experienced traveller and writer of accounts of travel and it was as no amateur observer that he went to the country of the Czars. His motto was "To see in order to know," and, in colloquial Americanese, he sure saw a lot. We begin with this gem from his preface:

"The circumstance which renders Russia the most singular State now to be seen in the world is that extreme barbarism, favored by the enslavement of the church, and extreme civilization, imported by an eclectic government from foreign lands, are there to be seen united." How well his words of 1843 fit 1948!

Here is his statement of policy and procedure:

"The descriptions of what I saw were made upon the spot, the recitals of what I heard each day were committed to paper on the same evening. — It struck me that in speaking the truth of Russia, I should be doing something bold and novel; hitherto, fear and interest have dictated exaggerated eulogies; hatred has also published calumnies; I am not afraid of making shipwreck either on one rock or on the other." That was a good and wise resolution. "I went to Russia to seek for arguments against representative government." He was a hard-boiled rich aristocrat. "I return a partisan of constitutions." "Not daring to send my letters by post, I preserved them all, and kept them concealed with extreme care." That sounds very 1948; except that today he would not even dare write them, much less carry them around.

"The Russians viewed as a body, appeared to me as being great, even in their most shocking vices; viewed as individuals, I considered them amiable. In the character of the common people I found much to interest; these flattering truths ought, I think, to compensate for others less agreeable. But hitherto the Russians have been treated as spoiled children by the greater number of travellers. — If the discordances that one cannot help remarking in their social state, if the spirit of their government, essentially opposed to my ideas and habits, have drawn from me reproaches, and even cries of indignation, my praises, equally voluntary, must have the greater weight. — But these Orientals call every truth falsehood."

All the above from the preface. Now for the book itself, of which there are 532 pages of print.

## II

A member of the Russian diplomatic corps speaks to him in confidence:

"The unmitigated despotism that reigns over us established itself at the very period when servitude ceased in the rest of Europe. — Bondage was established among them, not only as an existing state, but as a constituent principle of society. It has degraded the right of speech in Russia to such a point that it is no longer considered anything better than a snare; our government lives by lies, for truth is as terrible to the tyrant as to the slave. Thus, little as one speaks in Russia, one always speaks too much." You may date that 1948, though it was written in 1839.

That is only a few lines from a long conversation. As de Custine reflected upon what he had heard he wrote: "The domination of Russia, when confining itself to diplomatic efforts, without proceeding to actual conquest, appears to me that which is most to be dreaded in the world." That sounds like a comment on the work of Vishinsky, Molotov, Gromyko, et al. "It seeks to propagate tyranny under pretext of remedying anarchy." Liberation à la Russe. "As though arbitrary power could remedy any evil! It is the elements of moral principle that this nation (Russia) lacks."

A later conversation with the diplomat brought from that worldly wise gentleman this comment on his own country:

"Russian despotism not only pays little respect to ideas and sentiments, it will also deny facts; it will struggle against evidence, and triumph in the struggle! For evidence, when it is inconvenient to power, has no more voice among us than has justice." What a contemporary ring that has!

A second de Custine meditation:

"I am struck by the extreme susceptibility of the Russians as regards the judgments which strangers may form respecting them. The impression which their country may make on the minds of travellers occupies their thoughts incessantly. — It seems to me as though the Russians would be content to become even yet worse and more barbarous than they are, provided they were *thought* better and more civilized."

De Custine falls in with a spy, who, seeming to want to help him, is really pursuing his vocation. De Custine sees through him. He writes that Russia has "a government more artful and better served with spies than any other in the world." And thus ends his Chapter IV.

## III

After commenting very favorably upon the development of the Russian navy, de Custine writes, "So long as Russia shall keep within her national limits, the Russian navy will continue the hobby of the emperors and nothing more." Our own Admiral Nimitz has recently given the Red Czar indications of similar import.

De Custine approaches Petersburg via the sea.

"The numerous questions I had to meet, and the precautionary forms that it was necessary to pass through, warned me that I was entering the empire of Fear, and depressed my spirits." I have had just that same feeling in the city of Peter. "Every stranger is treated as culpable on arriving at the Russian frontier. — The blood-hounds of the Russian police are quick-scented. — Between nine and ten o'clock I found myself released from the fangs of the custom-house."

The following sounds contemporary, remembering the White Sea canal, though it is about the building of Petersburg amid the marshes that he is writing: "To work miracles at the cost of the life of an army of slaves may be great; but it is too great, for both God and man will finally rise to wreak vengeance on these inhuman prodigies."

He found certain things that he admired, just as I did on my Russian journey. But, he comments, "I do not say that their political system produces nothing good; I simply say that what it does produce is dearly bought." Aye, verily. Then he proceeds: "It is not now for the first time that foreigners have been struck with astonishment at contemplating the attachment of this people to their slavery." 1947 is like 1839. "It may be said of the Russians, great and small, that they are drunk with slavery."

Now what do you think of this comment? It is on page 56 of my edition: "Let him realize the idea of the almost complete apparent triumph of the will of one man over the will of God, and he will understand Russia."

Here is a comment which takes my wife back to our hotel in Kiev: "I was covered, I was devoured with bugs. Russia is, in this respect, not a whit inferior to Spain." That is unfair to Spain, however, for there we never saw a single bedbug.

Has this not a modern ring? He is visiting the Peter and Paul fortress, which I also have done during this Stalin regime. "A thrill of horror passed through me as I thought that the most steadfast fidelity, the most scrupulous probity, could secure no man from the subterranean prisons of the citadel of Petersburg, and my heart dilated, and my respiration came more freely, as I re-passed the moats which defend this gloomy abode, and separate it from the rest of the world."

The following brief comment is one that all of us who know the Russian people can sincerely repeat:

"Who would not pity the Russian people? — The affectation of resignation is the lowest depth of abjectness into which an enslaved nation can fall; revolt or despair would be doubtless more terrible, but less ignominious. Weakness so degraded that it dare not indulge itself even in complaint, fear calmed by its own excess—these are moral phenomena which cannot be witnessed without calling forth tears of horror."

De Custine visited a Catholic church in Petersburg, which I also have visited to see the tomb of the last king of Poland. "While waiting for the prior in the church, I saw beneath my feet a stone on which was inscribed a name that awoke in me some emotion—Poniatowski! The royal victim of folly. That too credulous lover of Catherine II is buried here without any mark of distinction; but though despoiled of the majesty of the throne, there remains for him the majesty of misfortune."

Our Air Force may be interested in a paragraph on page 71. Our author is still in Petersburg. "No one believes in the duration of the marvelous city. But little meditation enables the mind to prefigure such a war, such a change in the course of policy, as would cause this creation of Peter I to disappear like a soap bubble in the air." Written 100 years before the invention of the atom

bomb—and the American awakening to the true nature of the USSR!

Before we leave the then capital, let us glean a few miscellaneous comments.

"In Russia, to converse is to conspire; to think is to revolt; thought is not merely a crime, it is a misfortune also."

"The only tumults possible in Russia are those caused by the struggles of flatterers."

"No one has any idea of gratifying the curious; on the contrary, they love to deceive them by false data."

"In Russia, power, unlimited as it is, entertains an extreme dread of censure, or even of free speech. An oppressor is of all others the man who most fears the truth."

"All who are born in Russia, or would live in Russia, must make silence upon public affairs the motto of their life. Secret conversations would be very interesting, but who dares indulge in them? To reflect and to discern would be to render one's self suspected."

"In Russia, on the day that a minister falls from favor, his friends become deaf and blind. — Russia does not know today if the minister who governed her yesterday exists."

And now I pass over many chapters to set down a selection of nuggets from de Custine's letters about what he saw in the interior.

"Nothing can be seen here alone. A native of the country is always with you."

Scores of American tourists, returning from Russia with favorable impressions of that land of oppression, should ponder this sentence: "Most assuredly, it is not sufficient to visit this country in order to know it." Their eyes see things that are not there, and understand incorrectly what they see. For no one dare tell them the truth.

"It is to Russia that we must go in order to see the results of this terrible combination of the mind and science of Europe with the genius of Asia—a combination which is so much the more formidable as it is likely to last; for ambition and fear—here engender silence." — "My indifference does not go so far as to tolerate institutions which necessarily exclude all dignity of human character in their objects." — "In Russia, despotic tyranny is permanent."

Skipping two-thirds of my notes, I turn to the final chapter.

"The life of the Russian people is more gloomy than that of any other of the European nations; and when I say the people, I speak not only of the peasants attached to the soil, but of the whole empire."

"If they wish to be recognized by the European nations, and treated as equals, they must begin by submitting to hear themselves judged."

"The slave, upon his knees, dreams of the conquest of the world."

"If ever your sons should be discontented with France, try my recipe: tell them to go to Russia. Whoever has well examined that country will be content to live anywhere else."

Thus in 1839. The thesis of this article is, "The more it changes, the more it is the same thing."



# OBSERVATIONS

By PERISCOPE

NEVER expected to be caught quoting H. J. Laski but the following is just too useful to be passed over. In Laski's book "The Problem of Sovereignty," Parrington finds the sentence "The true meaning of sovereignty" is to be sought "not in the coercive power possessed by its instrument (the state) but in the fused good will for which it stands." Let us apply that concept to the USSR. How much is its sovereignty based on "fused good will?" Good will either among or from its own subjects or for foreign states? It is the very boiled-down essence of ill will, with Vishinsky, Molotov, and Gromyko as its examples and vast internal cruelties as its expressions.

Recently during a solemn church service in Poland a woman raised her voice and sang the last line of that mighty Polish national hymn, "BOZE! COS POLSKE." In English it runs, "Fatherland, freedom, pray return to us, Lord." That one sentence wrung from an oppressed and sorrowing heart, uttered under circumstances of great peril to the singer, tells us more about the state of affairs in Poland than my whole column could possibly do.

"The whole public life of the U. S. A. . . . the Kremlin calculates . . . will to a great extent be paralyzed during 1948 by the election campaign," writes an informed correspondent of "Human Events," from Italy. Let us beware of that. If we keep our eyes too closely on American internal politics and contending political ambitions we may find ourselves victims of our own folly in an international disaster of large dimensions.

The Polish situation is not as clear to foreigners as it might be, for there is no Moscow pro-consul there who stands out like a sore thumb the way Tito does in Titoslovakia. But the utter subservience of the present pup. Warsaw regime to Moscow is very real even if not embodied in a single much publicized personality. There are definitely known men through whom Moscow impresses its will on Warsaw, but their individual names mean nothing to the American public and I am not giving them free advertising.

We bracket these two together. The Very Reverend Red Dean of Canterbury, and the Vera Michelis Red Dean of the Foreign Policy Association.

General Bor-Komorowski, leader of the brave uprising against the Germans in Warsaw in the late summer of 1944, so basely betrayed by Russia, has recently said: "The liberation of Poland is possible only in conjunction with the liberation of all the enslaved nations of Eastern Europe, and the security of Polish territorial integrity and independence is closely tied with the fate of these peoples. Therefore, when today we pray for our Motherland, we think, too, of neighboring and kindred peoples, whose fate—as history has more than once demonstrated—is so closely joined with that of the Polish state." General Bor is now the prime minister of the legitimate Polish Government in London.

Our air force people have given Balalaika Joe a gentle tip to go easy with his expansion plans and propaganda against America, and now comes Admiral Nimitz of our navy telling him we can lick the tar out of his Red Army by means of our navy, floating air-bases, carrier-based planes, and atomic bombs. I think Joe's international stock is due for a considerable slump. But we have only begun. Advice to Joe—Draw in your horns, your Uncle Sam is looking.

"Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four is not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right." These gentle words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, written a little over a hundred years ago, seem to me so very applicable to the USSR of today. But how far too gentle!

Our authorities had better tell Tito that if his 100,000 bandits massed around Trieste march over into Italy to help the Communists, that would provide our army with a perfectly lovely opportunity to test the effect of some of its new gadgets on moving troops.

I take great delight in a sentence of the noted French journalist Bertrand de Jouvenel in the news-letter "Human Events" concerning the German-Russian war of Hitler and Stalin. "While it was very much to our benefit that the gangsters should ultimately have fought each other, that did not make one of them an honest man." De Jouvenel also refers to the Stalin outfit as "a savage imperialism, a good old Asiatic despotism." He reminds us that "over a hundred million Europeans groan under foreign despotism in Eastern Europe." With splendid irony he calls the USSR system "an oriental democracy." Sort of an eastern west, a black white. It is a test of our good stomachs that we do not retch when the Stalin crew speak.

The pup. government of Poland is executing leaders of the resistance, many of them noble patriots, heroes of combat against the Germans. The executed are martyrs. Maybe the blood of these martyrs will prove to be the seed of Poland's freedom. But what an awful price Poland has to pay! And much of it due to the Yalta decisions. If there is conscious life beyond the grave and F.D.R. knows the consequences of that base agreement with Stalin, he can be getting mighty little satisfaction out of heaven. It is an awful burden he and his name have to carry.

But what about the representatives sent by these frightful governments to America, the representatives of Russia, puppet Poland, and puppet Yugoslavia? Are they to continue to be received into respectable American homes? Are decent American men to continue to shake hands with these lackeys of the Kremlin? Are decent American women to dance with them? Let them be received with icy coldness outside of strictly official engagements and denied intercourse with any but the officials who have to meet them.

Why are these Warsaw birds going under assumed names? The pup. president's real name is not Bierut. It seems to have been several things. "Marshal" Rola-Zymierski's name was Lyzwinski. Modzelewski, minister of foreign affairs, has as his real name Fischhaupt. Borejsza, head of a great government publishing house, is Nuchim Goldberg. Zambrowski, deputy speaker of the house, is really Nusbaum. It is an interesting study to look up the antecedents of some of these gentry who now rule Poland. What crimes do they seek to cover up by change of name?

These are the bridgeheads of Russian imperialism. Puppet Poland, chained Czechoslovakia, and terrorized Tito-slavia. Moscow regards them as its three ways to the West.

We must utterly reject those who in the name of toleration wish us to keep silent while the gunpowder is being put in place to work our destruction.

## THE FOUR FALLACIES OF FOLLY

1. "Contain Russia."
2. "Appease Stalin."
3. "The USSR wants peace."
4. "We can be friends with the USSR."

They are the way to World War III, which will be forced on us by Russia when we appear to be sufficiently softened up.

## OUR WELL-BALANCED TEAM

As contrasted with the Russian team, the four horsemen of the apocalypse, strife, war, famine, and pestilence, we hitch our national chariot to a better four, justice, power, idealism, and realism.



# STANISLAW MONIUSZKO\*

By MRS. CHAUNCEY STEIGER



Stanislaw Moniuszko after a contemporary lithograph.

LIKE his contemporary Fryderyk Chopin, Stanislaw Moniuszko was destined to become one of Poland's greatest musicians. Unlike Chopin's music which holds a highly esthetic quality that expresses folklore with a delicate touch almost feminine in its sentimental richness and structure, Moniuszko's is that of the fertile earth. The sadness and gayety in Moniuszko's music expresses the simplicity

and to whom a goodly number of his songs is not as familiar as his daily prayer.

The earnings from being both an organist and a teacher hardly sufficed for the support of his large brood of eight children. In spite of the constant struggle for existence, the urge toward musical composition was a strong one, and he found time to compose several small operas and operettas. Up to that time Polish arias were imitations of the Italian schools of music. He was the first to give a decidedly Polish character to music for words.

His was an unusually productive life, having to his credit 300 or more arias in a period covering thirty years. The first small collection of his works was published in Berlin in 1838, during his studies abroad, and was received favorably by German critics. Of the German musicians he held the greatest admiration for Mendelssohn.

Stanislaw Moniuszko's crowning glory in the field of Polish national music was "Halka" or "Helen," set to a background of rural freshness and beauty in the traditional Polish atmosphere. There was nothing new about the ever-repeated story of a gentleman wooing a country girl, winning her love and casting her aside for marriage to one of his own rank. And yet the originality of Moniuszko's music, the romantic tenderness of his arias, the picture of the Polish countryside so brightly expressed, presented Polish nationalism in musical form that was refreshingly new. In June of 1885 the opera had appeared for the 300th time, and in the course of years was to appear hundreds of more times not only in Poland but in foreign cities.

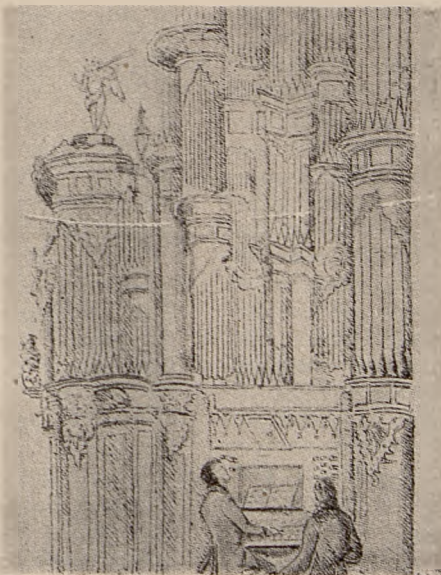
"Halka" raised Moniuszko from a minor musical bard to a great master of music. The modest organist and energetic organizer of musical groups from now on belonged to the great

and the naivete of the rustic villager. Chopin reached toward celestial heights, Moniuszko reached down to the soul of the plodding man. In a sense, the music of one complemented the music of the other.

Moniuszko came of Polish gentry stock and was raised on a country estate, where he absorbed both the local coloring of peasant life and the refining influences of gentry life. Born on May 5, 1819 just nine years later than Chopin, he was Poland's first musician of the people in the democratic sense of the word. In childhood he showed a talent for music, but not in a measure commensurate with the greatness he was to achieve as a man. His mother gave him his first lessons, little dreaming that he was to become the master of national song.

Moniuszko was shy and retiring by nature, unassuming and modest, deeply religious and rigid in his morals. He married in 1840, from which time he was ever harried by financial worries, for his remuneration was slight in spite of his genius and recognition in large cities. He died a poor man, and in no way either in personal appearance or life did he evince the warm romanticism that he expressed in his masterpieces.

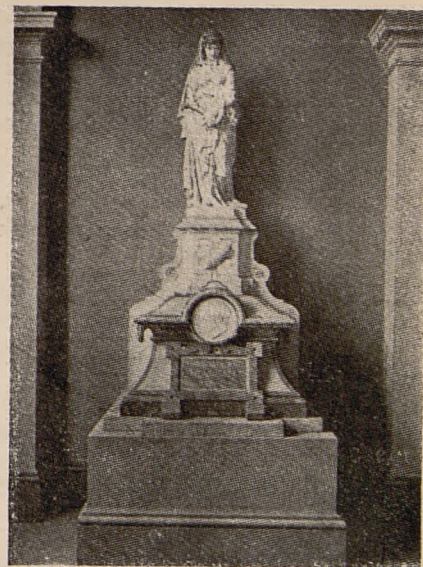
Among great masters of music the position of Moniuszko was unique, in that there was more spontaneity and consequent warmth of expression unhampered by minute technicalities. Much of his musical development, outside of the short period in Berlin, he owed to his own efforts. His songs were exceedingly popular, and there is not a child in Poland who does not hum some strain of Moniuszko's numerous creations,



St. Moniuszko at the Organ in St. John's Church, Wilno.

composers of Polish national music, and was invited to direct the Warsaw opera.

Moniuszko wrote songs of sentiment and songs with a cabaret gayety. One of his best was "Know You This Land?". The music was set to one of Mickiewicz's poems. Among those who had written music to this poem were Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, but not one was equal to (Please turn to p. 14)



Sarcophagus of Moniuszko in the Church of All Saints, Warsaw.

\*Delivered on the "Justice for Poland" radio program Dec. 21, 1947 and sponsored by the Western Massachusetts Branch of the Polish American Congress. Mrs. Chauncey Steiger: A well known choral director and music conductor of the Springfield Classical High School. She is a recipient of the Pynchon Medal for outstanding achievement in music.



# Ann Su Cardwell's Letter.

No. 177, January 19, 1948

**I**N CZECHOSLOVAKIA the Soviet control steadily increases. In a recent letter I called attention to a Polish regime official's declaration that criticism of the Soviet Union merited the same punishment as criticism of the Polish puppet regime. Compare with that this statement of a high Czech Communist Party member who is chairman of the Czechoslovak Parliamentary Defense Committee: "It is necessary to cleanse the army of reactionaries . . . Now our republic leans on its alliance with the Slav states, especially with the Soviet Union and therefore to slander the Soviets means to commit treason against the republic." It is no secret that immediately upon "liberating" the countries of Eastern and Central Europe the armies of each of these countries passed under Red Army control under the pretense of cooperation for the sake of security and maintenance of public order. Czechoslovakia, despite its vaunted independence of action, bowed to the Soviet demands. And those demands are being made in every sphere of Czech life—economic, educational, political. The Czechs may protest but they will not long do it openly, and they will accept Soviet domination.

From Greece the Christian Science Monitor's correspondent sends thought-provoking comment on the situation in that harassed land: "There is grim monotony in the tales they (the refugees) tell. Their village burnt to the ground, the wife and children of a village home guarder were burned alive in their home, young girls taken away, older women carted off to be used as beasts of burden, their mules taken, their sheep slaughtered and their pitiable stocks of food pillaged, their young men forcibly conscripted for the guerrilla army . . . When the Greek soldier goes into battle he knows all this. He knows, too, that his enemy can retreat into the safety of the friendly foreign territory whence he receives most of his supplies and where his wounded are taken to hospitals.

"Shells fall on him as he struggles up the rocky mountain slopes to get at hand grips with the enemy. He knows that the guns that fire those shells cannot be silenced because they are sited within or upon the Greco-Albanian boundary. Greek artillery or rocket-firing Spitfires are silenced for fear of violating Albanian territory. The Greek soldier sees no future. He knows that when he has routed this lot, more will rise somewhere else, cross the Albanian, Yugoslav, or Bulgarian border into Greece and he will have to fight the same battle all over again. I sensed this feeling of helplessness wherever I went. It does not mean that the Greek troops fight without spirit—their morale is excellent. They just wonder how long they will have to fight in the front line alone against Communism.

"It doesn't need the investigations of United Nations committees to justify the fears of the Greek soldier. You only have to stand above Borozani Bridge and look across at the road that snakes down the mountainside from Leskovik in Albania toward the Greek frontier. At night you can see the lights of motor convoys descending. Where can they be going on the road that leads nowhere except to Greece? You have only to talk to prisoners in the Ioannina jail. Except for a few teen-agers who have been forcibly conscripted, every man has at some time or other been into Albania or Yugoslavia. Many claim

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they were trained at Bulkis, near Belgrade. . . .

"This thing is not Greek rebellion. It is one part of the Communist campaign against the West. And the Greek soldiers—officers and men—are wondering how far they can count on the West for aid in arms."

"In Paris," reports the Continental News Service, "there is a complete net of masked centers where special Communist courses are given, where Communists, especially foreigners, can be lodged, and where in case of need the NKVD agents can hold their most dangerous opponents in time of a Communist uprising." The report goes on to give the addresses, streets and numbers, of several of such places. In other French communities the NKVD uses the consulates of Soviet satellites as its headquarters, notably those of Poland and Yugoslavia.

French Communists are to be compelled, by orders from the Cominform, well referred to by some commentators as the "Misinform," to intensify the fight to bring France under Soviet control. Strikes will remain a weapon. Efforts to prevent government action that will insure order and possibility of economic improvement will increase. Note the frenzied anti-American campaign, the insolence and contempt for all parliamentary procedure shown in the Assembly sessions recently. Anything to prevent remedial action and to turn the French people from the Marshall Plan. As for outside help in the all-out of the French Communists who would surrender their native land to Moscow, read what Sulzberger wrote from Paris in the New York Times of Jan. 13: "How Cominform members cooperate in such a strike was more than hinted by M. Frachon, who disclosed that 150 tons of sugar and 10,000,000 zlotys (\$100,000 at the official exchange rate) were collected in Poland and that there were collections in Czechoslovakia and strong backing in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania. One may again presume that such support would be mustered in future clashes."

It is a bit surprising that the Polish contribution is given in Polish currency. Collections for furtherance of "the cause" abroad are usually ordered to be converted into dollars, and the sum allotted each country is set in dollars. Moscow is well posted on international currency values.

Poland is not behind the iron curtain so far as news is concerned, although that is the attitude maintained by many editors. Of course correspondents assigned to Warsaw cannot send out too much truth even if they are alert enough to discover it and interpret the facts. To the degree that papers depend upon such correspondents for information, then Poland is behind the curtain. On the other hand, people are getting out of Poland all the time—intelligent, reliable men and women. Their reports of conditions agree, and it is to them, and to the papers published by the regime that we look to for news and interpretation of that news from Poland. Here are bits thus gathered:

Polish Communist writers have visited certain "good German" Communist writers. The purpose of the visit, as it appears in an article written for one of the Polish papers by a journalist after his return, was to learn more about their fellow Communists in Germany and then acquaint the Polish people with the facts; that is,



to make the story brief, begin to prepare the Poles for acceptance of a Soviet order to settle the German-Polish boundary question in a "friendly" manner, which could mean Polish recognition of German rights to and Polish withdrawal from the "new Polish West." . . . At a convention in Stettin attended by writers from all over Poland a few weeks ago, one resolution passed called upon "all branches and all members of the (writers) association to increase their watchfulness against the infiltration of persons foreign to the democratic ideology into the ranks of Polish journalists. . . ." And in another resolution: "Freedom of the press cannot be assured where newspapers, agencies and the radio are exclusively in the hands of individuals or private monopolies that are not responsible to the nation."

Newly prepared textbooks to the number of 29,000,000 are now in use in Polish schools. From these, students learn that modern civilization begins with the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. The Soviet Union is portrayed as the most progressive nation in the world, and Soviet influence replaces Western influence in the life of the Polish nation. As has been often noted in these letters, Moscow and its stooges are not attempting to win the adult population for Communism in the lands "liberated," but only using them to keep things going while youth is trained to fit into the Soviet serf-state plan.

No week passes without indications of advance in that training plan. For example, the late January trade school teachers' convention in Bytom, Silesia, where some 800 teachers and school administrators are to hear lectures on the "new democracy." Since 1945 official statistics report the establishment of 507 trade schools in Poland, where 75,000 pupils learn useful occupations. That would be altogether praiseworthy if the teachers and directors of these institutions were devoted educators and patriots and not tools of the regime holding their positions because they have undertaken to inculcate the youth under their instruction with Communistic ideology.

All doctors in Poland have been ordered to register, a part of the plan for nationalization of medicine. When nationalization is completed, doctors will be employees of the state. They will be assigned to a certain locality and be paid a definite salary, like all other employees. At least that is the regime's intention.

For some time it has been the custom of the city of Cracow to offer a prize each Christmas season for the most original and attractive creche constructed by individuals or groups in that ancient Polish city. This year the prize was won by two plasterers, Wozniak and Tarnowski. There would be nothing unusual about such a creche were it not for the ending—the regime sold it to representatives of the Soviet Union, who with much ado about the event sent it to Moscow to be placed in the atheist museum.

Stettin comes into the news with another convention, this time of state-farm workers, whose union has approximately 100,000 members. Such workers are employed on state holdings corresponding to the Soviet Union's *kolkhozy*. Poland is now said to have some 5,000 of these collective farms under government ownership, amounting to 3,000,000 acres of cultivated land. These figures do not include the land held as Red Army collectives, nor that under the control of Zymierski's "Polish" army, nor the estates and collectives assigned to special government concerns. The workers on these state farms are among the poorest of the poor, with no means of redress. Any complaint is labelled sabotage and leads to prison or forced labor camp. The Stettin delegates dutifully voted unanimously for the introduction of stakhanov methods on the collectives, at the same time "con-

demning categorically American imperialism," and declaring eternal friendship for the "radziecki" Union.

"Radziecki?" that is just the Polish word for the adjective Soviet. The latter has not been exactly popular in Poland since 1939 and Moscow would like to have the Poles forget the Soviet record of those betraying, looting, murdering, raping years. So now its stooges have been instructed to forget "sowietow" and remember only "radziecki." Polish regime papers have even complained about the use by Polish writers abroad of the former word—which has brought forth interesting comment and many smiles. It is all reminiscent of Cheka, OGPU, NKVD, now trying to hide under another group of letters, MVD, but continuing to be the same evil omnipresent secret police.

All Polish radios were reported being registered in December. In some localities they were not being registered but confiscated—not all in a locality but certain instruments, under one pretext or another. What the next step will be is not discernible. But there were fears that only persons regarded as absolutely under the control of the regime would be allowed to keep a radio.

In the political "trials" that a few weeks ago occupied a large place in the news coming out of Poland, one bit of testimony deserved closer attention than it received. It was that of Prof. Lipinski, who with contempt time and again denied all charges of espionage, declaring that in no way had he transgressed Polish laws. "We held meetings, for Polish law does not forbid that to its citizens. We criticized the government, for the constitution gives us the right to express our opinion. Your prohibitions are illegal, your methods are police methods."

**The Promethean Movement**—have you ever heard of it? Before the outbreak of World War II it was a secret organization of representatives from 13 various Soviet regions, mostly Asiatic groups unfamiliar to Americans, but nevertheless people smarting under Soviet tyranny. But the Ukraine was and is a familiar name, and the Ukrainians were the leaders of the freedom movement. During all the years of the so-called peace between the two World Wars, the Movement carried on underground, even holding conventions. But in 1946 they met in open convention where they could speak freely and from the resolutions of that session in The Hague, I wish to make quotation:

"We, the peoples enslaved by Soviet Moscow, accuse Stalin before world public opinion of these crimes:

(1) In August 1939, he concluded with Hitler the non-aggression pact and the secret treaty concerning the partition of Poland and the annexation of the Western Ukraine (the eastern provinces of Poland). Thus, through his friendship and collaboration he guaranteed for Hitler security in the East and gave him the opportunity to start World War II.

(2) He violated the Briand-Kellogg pact of Aug. 27, 1928, signed by the USSR in London.

(3) On Sept. 1, 1939 he violated the non-aggression pact previously concluded with Poland and by means of his armed aggression—the invasion of Poland from the East—he helped Hitler to defeat Poland.

(4) Afterwards he violated the right of self-determination of the population of the Western Ukraine by annexing it.

(5) After the Red Army occupied Western Ukraine, he forcibly removed hundreds of thousands of Ukrainians and Poles into concentration camps in the North, in Siberia and Turkestan. . . .

The enumeration continues through 13 points, all of them telling. Thus speak the former citizens of "Stalintern."



# TRAVEL DIARY EXTRAORDINARY

TRANSLATED FROM THE POLISH OF SEWERYN ERLICH\*

WEEK after week faces swim past the car—faces utterly dissimilar, together the plasma of a life new yet old. For although there have been revolutions and blood has poured like water and a throne has toppled and dynamite has made rubble of churches, the climate remains unchanged, the land remains, and the people remain. The wind from the frozen north still blows; and snow, snow the cruel, snow the all-enveloping giant, snow the enemy of man sweeps over the steppe as it has since time began. Floods and sandstorms come in their course. The infinite steppe, the rainbows of the north, and the dark gray clouds of the south are there. So are the wolves and the bears. So are the myriads of fish and oceans of *kasha*; the primeval forests and black, sticky dirt roads; the log huts with windows framed in intricately carved wood, fireguard towers roofed with wooden shingles, bulbous-cupolae Russian Orthodox churches—churches now stored with grain. The stone Byzantine Christ, with the black telephone box bolted to his breast, weeps; but the Christ is there.

Our car travels across the continent like a vehicle travelling through time.

Man, too, is here. Slant-eyed, high cheek-bones throwing a shadow across his face, broad-hipped and gigantic of chest. Sunflower seed, pancakes, and vodka. Musical chatter and throaty, hoarse shouting.

With a movement out of a museum a girl appears and throws herself into social work. Here is the soldier who had gone out to conquer the world. Here the coward, ragged, contemptible, hungry, and greedy for show and acclaim. Here is the Mongol shepherd, the mechanic, and the circus clown. Here are girls who like the flowers of the field live from day to day, and wise old peasants like to beasts of the forest in cunning. Here are the bear trainer and the swineherd, the stableboy and the tamer of bulls. Here are the pale young women and here the red-checked girls. The plasma of all the Russias.

It is a journey during which we meet the human characteristics of the Russia of all time. Enthusiasm and apathy, faith in the future and indifference, vigor and dash and savagery, laziness and disorder. A superhuman patience and a super-animal passivity. Respectability and barbarism; and impulse to greatness and chaos. A melancholy that is nourished and enjoyed and an absence of a feeling of time. Fear and no respect for human worth.

And lies. Before all, above all, and in all — lies.

That every word should have a double meaning is as natural here as that sun should follow rain. Mental acrobatics, zigzags and shortcuts, all completely alien to the Western mind, bind disordered thinking to action.

It is January 1942. The cold pricks like needles. The black heavens and the importunate thumping of the car, which drums like hammers on tense nerves, drive away thought and make the book drop from the hand. Long stops bring comfort and quiet, despite the fact that they mean that much longer time on the road. The little iron stove, during the hours when there is a fire in it, throws red rays of light out into the car. Then come the good hours of sleep, broken by the Morse code—dots and dashes of warning against strange hands in one's pockets.

Saratov slips by quickly in the darkness. In the early morning light the little brick houses of the Volga Germans file by in a long line. There are signs on the houses in German. But the Germans have long ago been shipped from the Volga Republic to Siberia and at the Urbach

station there are only bear-skin caps, felt boots, and hunger.

More of the steppe. The endless, flat, white steppe, depressing in its monotonous extent. The cold freezes the breath in one's chest. Asia begins many, very many kilometers this side of the Urals.

In this dantesque hell cold is the most frightful of all punishments—the sleepy white Siberian cold. To be freezing and not to be able to freeze to death—what torture and yet what a common fate for tens and hundreds of thousands of mortals on the time reel of these latter years.

In Uralsk the little station seems out of a story-book. A station all blue-green, where a pallid girl at the counter sells bread on presentation of ration cards. Before the station is a small garden and a sled, the wide primitive vehicle of the steppe.

Black night and the rumble and shaking of the car—and then beyond Chelkar, a camel caravan out on the steppe, and Kazaks with foxskin caps. Slant eyes, gurgling speech, and scanty beards. The girls have tawny flat noses and glistening white teeth. Silver bracelets jangle on their wrists, on their brown palms lie equally dark pancakes. They offer dirty lumps of butter on little dishes as if these wares were the most valued treasure. On the horizon, out on the Aral Sea, loom the distant silhouettes of motionless vessels.

The steppe changes. From under the snow peep the red clay and bunches of dry grass. We see the broad silver-green Syr-Darya; and memories of history lessons crowd one upon another—Alexander of Macedon, who came to the river Jaxartes, the Greek name of Syr-Darya, and the romance of the first geography lessons of our childhood years. What charm "Syr-Darya" held then!

It grows warmer and the shrubs and bushes are taller. Kzyl Orda, where the little flat-roofed clay houses stand with long blank walls. Sour milk ropy as rubber and rice fields and long camel trains and tiny donkeys weighed down with pyramids of straw. In the town of Turkestan a shrill-voiced woman doctor examines the sick among us searchingly—back of her grins the spotted phantom, typhus.

The sun warms us and padded jackets grow heavy. We see new faces, obstinate and hard. The wadded garments are long and made of striped material. The little skull-caps are round, the head-kerchiefs triangular, and daggers rest in rusty scabbards. We are among the Uzbeks.

Over Tashkent hover golden dust clouds. But snowy mountain peaks are visible and there is green grass. And *uruk* (dried apricots), and *kishmish* (withered raisins), both of which are excellent for blunting hunger's pangs.

Gypsies—persistent girls and delightful naked, black, begging children. Dances, singing, and uproar. Not even the iron screw of Soviet state machinery has been able to make the slightest change in the ancient tradition of the wandering life of these eternal tramps, rebellious and unmanageable, with their roadside fires, their thieving and singing, and the passion of the nomad in their blood. For a rouble a little girl will do a beautiful dance, her shoulders moving rhythmically under the brown skin, her eyes sparkling and teeth smiling. It is the little Zina from "The Two Ends of the Earth," the incarnate gypsy spirit of all times and lands, that dances.

The Ferghana Canal comes into view, appears insignificant, and disillusioned. The opal-green water flows slowly

(Please turn to page 13)

\*Seweryn Erlich was deported to Asiatic Russia after the Russian occupation of Poland. The translation here given is part of an article appearing in "Wiadomosci" (London).



# Polish Folk Tales for Children\*

By DR. IRENA PIOTROWSKA

THE 20th century brought not only an understanding of the psychology of children, but also the understanding of art peculiar to them. Scientists and artists discovered that children possess a psychology all their own, quite distinct from that of educated adults, and that children are artists within the orbit of their imagination. With that knowledge, the idea developed that books for children should fit their psychological and artistic requirements. A basic link was found to exist between the fantasy of children and that of simple folk. Folklore, the fruit of the imagination of groups living in close proximity to nature, finds a vivid echo in the subtle and sensitive mind of children.

Present day American literature for children abounds in the folklore of many lands, illustrated volumes of Polish folk tales holding high place among these publications. That list includes *THE MASTER WIZARD*, translated by Josephine Bernhard, and illustrated by Maria Werten (Knopf, 1934); *THE LULLABY*, a traditional tale adapted by the above named translator, illustrated by Irena Lorentowicz (Roy, 1944); *THE POLISH FAIRY BOOK*, translated by Elsie Byrde, illustrated by Livia Kadar (Stokes, 1925); the volumes translated by Lucia Merecka Borski: *THE JOLLY TAILOR*, illustrated by Kazimir Klepacki (Longmans Green, 1928), *THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN*, legends of the Virgin Mary (Dial Press, 1929), and *THE GYPSY AND THE BEAR*, illustrated by James Reid (Longmans Green, 1933).

The Polish contribution to American children's books in the field of folklore has recently been enriched by a truly handsome volume entitled *POLISH FOLK TALES*,\* translated and edited by the author of the three works last mentioned. Mrs. Borski has selected the stories from the treasure-house of Polish lore, given us by such eminent masters of the Polish written word

and scholars of Poland's folk literature as the poet Jan Kaspruwicz, the novelist J. I. Kraszewski, Ewa Szelburg-Ostrowska, Józef Birkenmajer, and others. The translator, basing her choice of stories on her many years' experience in work with children, has culled the ones she considered would appeal to American children and adapted them to American tastes. She has rendered in simple and direct language the traditional tales, so moving and charming, and yet so little known either to American children or grownups.

The book is beautifully illustrated by Erica Gorecka-Egan, an artist born and bred in this country. Her depth of feeling for and understanding of Polish folk and decorative arts is little short of remarkable. Her ornamental designs, colorful yet full of simplicity, and her highly interesting figures that embellish the *POLISH FOLK TALES* show close kinship with traditional Polish illustrations. But not less recognizable is the individual style of the artist. One finds the same simplification of contours, surfaces, and profiles, the same blending of delicate colors that characterized her earlier illustrations, as well as her wall decorations and paper sculptures — simplifications reflecting the abstract tendencies in modern American art. However, an element heretofore not found in the work of this exceptionally talented artist of Polish descent, appears in her *POLISH FOLK TALES* illustrations. That is, a touching sentiment pervading the figures she has created. It is proof that Erica Gorecka-Egan continues to develop, enrich and broaden her gift.

*POLISH FOLK TALES*, the fruit of the collaboration of an American by adoption and a native American, demonstrates what splendid results may be obtained from amalgamating the elements of American art and culture with Polish traditions, offering concrete evidence that immersion in Polish culture does not necessarily destroy the essence of the American spirit in native artists and writers, but rather enriches and often ennobles that spirit.

\**POLISH FOLK TALES*. Translated by Lucia Merecka Borski, illustrated by Erica Gorecka-Egan. Published by Sheed and Ward, New York, 1947. \$2.00.

## TRAVEL DIARY EXTRAORDINARY

(Continued from page 12)

along its bed of clay, giving no sign of the labor of the tens of thousands of slaves whose sweat and inhuman toil transformed this one-time desert into a garden.

*Charcharf*—thick veils of horsehair—hide faces of very doubtful charm. The mantles here are of faded green, blue, and yellow velvet. Small girls wear their hair in two braids wound tightly about their heads. Embroidered crescents on diminutive caps seem to smile above dark eyes. Rose-colored little donkeys bray and haughty camels pass majestically with loads of cotton.

Cotton is everywhere. In the fields the balls of white fluff top the dried stalks. Little bags, moderate-sized bags, and huge bags of cotton flow in a puffy white ever-growing stream to the collection centers, to be heaped up in stacks and mountains covered with great sheets of cloth at the railroad stations.

In this rich cotton country it is not permissible to grow bread grains. If the State allotments are not delivered, death to the delinquents.

Again the air becomes colder and the land more wild. Horses are harnessed to *arba*—carts with two enormous wheels. On these crude carts are gnarled red roots, which when burned give out an incense-like fragrance. A rider squats on the horse's back. The saddles are small, made of wood, and covered with ragged red plush.

The people's faces are intriguing—sharply sculptured, bold, but distrustful and secretive. Instead of caps they wear striped colored turbans. They are Kirghiz. And under the surface of their lives for the last twenty years a strong secret undercurrent has been flowing.

Andizhan now—and pieces of mutton on little open iron grates. Thieves. Pancakes, and wine that smells of alcohol. A little railroad a few kilometers long leads to mounds of black tobacco. Under their yellow-fringed kerchiefs the coal-blackened brows of the women stand out strikingly.

In Dzahlal-Abad there are little whitewashed buildings and huts of clay. Windowless walls of round stones—flat roofs—small onion-stuffed cakes. Few of the inhabitants speak Russian. Vodka—red pepper—movie ads—and mud. A plaster statue of Stalin before a school points with extended arm in the direction of the cemetery.

A wonderful journey, but tiring and rather terrifying. A journey through climates, languages, races; across steppes and over mountains; across deserts and through cities; across blue-white ice and red clay; through seasons of the year and phases of culture—from nomads to industrial capitals.

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A lesson-journey and a journey of horrors.



# "A MAN ENTERS THE ROOM"

THAT is the title of a little sketch appearing in a recent issue of the Baltic Review. The author tells of attending a performance at a Soviet theatre in Tallinn during Estonia's first "Red" year. The skilful presentation interested the visitor, as well as the theme. A trusted Communist in the USSR had been accused of all sorts of misdeeds by "counter-revolutionaries" but in the end had cleared himself and was celebrating his good fortune with a little diner in his home with his family and intimate friends.

The audience consisted almost wholly of Russians, the newly arrived residents of Estonia, and their reactions to the play as it progressed were of no less interest to our Estonian reporter than the play itself. They sighed when his party membership card was slipped out of the hero's pocket while he was asleep. They were still more moved when he was deprived of his membership ticket by the party secretary. They were as pleased and happy as the hero and his family while the scene for the evening celebration was going on.

Then something happened that made the climate

glacial, and that more suddenly than words can describe. What caused it? Nothing had happened, nothing, except that a man had quietly entered the room. "A uniformed man. And he asks courteously:

"Which of you is Grekov, Pavel?"

"I," Grekov (the hero) answers in a low voice. And the man with the blue-and-red cap says:

"You are requested to come to the NKVD at once."

The effect on the audience was instantaneous. All comfortable cheerfulness and pleasant relaxation were gone. "Fear—simulated, brilliantly feigned on the stage, quite unfeigned, genuine, naked fear among the audience."

For what had happened was that every Bolshevik sitting in that audience saw himself in the place of Pavel Grekov, who had been proved innocent and yet had been taken away. No matter how closely the Bolshevik hews to the party line, he is never safe, and he well knows it.

The Estonian remarks that if he had read the play only it would have made no particular impression upon him. He had to see the Bolshevik audience's reaction to it in order to get the full meaning of it.

## SCHOOL FOR TREASON

THIS university is the International Lenin School in Moscow. Conspiracy and secrecy are the essence of all it teaches . . . It is on the left side of the Vorovskaya Ulitsa (Street) a few blocks beyond Arbat Ploschad (Square of the telegas) . . .

The school has a permanent faculty, mostly from the Academy of Red Professors, and a director, at one time a woman. Highlights of the Soviet hierarchy, past and present—Stalin, Trotsky, Kunsinen, Molotov, Manuisky, Yaroslavsky, Lasovsky Budenny, and others—serve as guest lecturers. Students are immediately inducted into the air of conspiracy in which these veterans lived. With matriculation, each student takes a revolutionary or party name by which he will be known in Communist circles and outside activities . . . Even party workers not in the top holy of holies speculate over the identity of Josef Broz Tito, belligerent dictator of Yugoslavia . . . They surmise from his photograph that Tito may be Randolph Baker, a promising American student of Slav ancestry who was detailed to district organizing after his return to the United States and then mysteriously disappeared. . . .

First studies in the school's 3-year course are intensive indoctrination in the theories of Marx, Engels, and Lenin . . . When the student reaches the courses on Communist Party organization, the haze of theory clears and action starts. He is taught what methods to use, based on party structure and ideology, in any foreseeable circumstance. In a country where the party is outlawed, it must work entirely underground. In the United States, where it is legal but suspect, it should work under cover of organizations, but the strategy of conspiracy to create internal disorder and to undermine the government is the same.

Though Moscow does not consider revolution imminent in the United States, American pupils get the course so they will be ready if the occasion arrives . . . The peaceful preparations are to go on for years through capable party members burrowed into trade unions, public offices, police forces, liberal clubs, and other sources of information. Vital spots such as power plants, radio stations and airports must be mapped . . . A headquarters, known only to a selected few, will be set up, a courier system organized; telephone talks will be in code, party papers or names memorized and destroyed. . . .

A black-list is to be prepared of politically undesirable citizens for summary liquidation or temporary use while their families are held as hostages.

The International Lenin School is of special interest because of American students, is only one of several which the Soviet Union operates for this purpose. The Eastern University, formerly the Sun Yat-sen Institute which Chiang Kai-Shek's son attended, has graduated nearly 10,000 . . . Graduates of Western University are active in Balkan and Baltic countries and scattered foreign language groups from the United States. . . .

(From the U. S. Congressional Record)

## STANISLAW MONIUSZKO

(Continued from page 9)

Moniuszko's masterpiece. Moniuszko's twelfth book of "Home Songs" contains the best of his collected compositions of this kind. The "Haunted Castle" equals the opera "Halka" in beauty. Especially lovely is the music of the clock with its tinkling chimes. "Halka" was tragic in plot, "Haunted Castle" humorous. "Crimson Sonatas" and "Apparition" are among Moniuszko's better known cantatas.

As organist Moniuszko composed considerable church music. For the piano, he has left graceful dance music,

several lovely polonaises, nocturnes, lullabies, and an Elegy of deeper musical significance. He did not compose symphonic music, though he did compose overtures. Most colorful among them is "Fairy Tale."

His life was a hard and struggling one. Despite his many compositions he did not earn enough to cover expenses, and not until near the end of life (1872) did conditions grow better for him. He had been constantly exploited by publishers. He asked too little of the world, as so many geniuses before and after him.



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